

# THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1919.

## Appeal to Violence Is Confession of Failure

Other classes may find momentary or permanent interest in autocracy or dictatorship. Labor lives, grows and rules only by democracy. It has been so throughout history. It is more than ever true today.

Labor's very numbers determine this. The workers are always a majority. "Ye are many they are few," sang Shelley when he mainly called upon the people of England to "rise like lions after slumber."

John Swinton, an early American labor journalist, once asked Karl Marx the cryptic question, "What is?" and received the Delphic reply, "Struggle." The struggle in political democracy educates the masses for rulership. The economic struggle builds those training schools of democracy, the unions, and develops the men and women who really organize and lead labor.

Victory gained without this struggle, with its training and sorting out of talents would be fruitless, incapable of organizing its conquests. Until a majority of its members are educated to a common purpose, and organized and trained to achieve victory, labor is not entitled to, nor competent to exercise, the rulership that comes with victory. These are old maxims of the labor movement. They need emphatic iteration today.

Labor can win anything it can agree upon wanting. It can win economically or politically. It can win by votes in a democracy. It can win by "direct action" through union methods in the shop. It can win by "absorbing the market" and assuming the function of the capitalist through co-operation. It can win by whatever method it unites to adopt. It can always win peacefully, something impossible to a minority class. It is questionable if it can win by violence. Labor seeks a constructive victory. It struggles to build, and it is doubtful if the sort of co-operative constructive and productive social institutions upon which the welfare of labor depends can be built in the midst of the chaos that accompanies violence.

It is certain that an appeal to violence in the name of labor is a confession of failure. It is positive proof that those making the appeal do not represent labor, and have failed to gain its support. It is an admission that the masses, who make the majority, and therefore have no need of violence, are not convinced of the justice of the cause in whose name violence is invoked.

The lure of the violent road is great, especially to the small and impatient, and the small are always impatient. "Napoleon came because France was filled with little Napoleons." It was to "save the revolution" that Napoleon came.

The host of very, very small Napoleons that are now urging labor to forsake democracy and follow the road of dictatorship in order to "save the revolution" are but seeking the road made familiar by generations of demagogues desiring their own domination, and knowing that they are mistrusted by the majority.

There can be no "dictatorship of the proletariat," except all the people in a democracy become proletarians. Then the words lose their meaning.

## Beauty—A By-Product of Use.

All of us expect to build a home—sometime. It is a good deal like the chicken business—we have all either been in it or expect to go into it.

A good many of us will build this year. All of us should that can, as a public spirited contribution to prosperity if for no other reason.

The average dwelling is a good deal more complicated than the average commercial structure, even though the cost is less.

There is more detail that requires thinking out and its use is more personal, intimate, than the commercial structure.

And a good deal of the thought is up to the owner; for architects have a way of saying that a building can't be built any better than the intelligence of the man who pays for it; that a good deal of the effort of an architect is expended in keeping the owner from doing things that he should not do.

John Ruskin said that a beautiful thing in the way of a house or bit of furniture need be no more expensive than one that is ugly, that the same amount of labor or material is involved in both, and that it is all a question of thought in order to intelligently direct the labor. William Morris, the English poet and craftsman, said that a house should be designed from inside out, that use should be the first consideration, and that the beauty and harmony of line would follow naturally.

A group of young Chicago architects say that construction should be decorated, but decoration should not be constructed.

They also say that the lines, form or design of a building, should follow its function, use or purpose.

This last theory is confirmed by the fact that very often an object is most beautiful which is not intended to be beautiful—where no thought is given its beauty.

A full-rigged schooner, for instance, is not designed as a thing of beauty, yet few objects are more beautiful.

This theory also has example in nature itself:

Nature does nothing for show, yet it is all show.

It is easy to be an idealist if a wide ocean separates you from the seat of trouble.

When abstract justice and national aspiration lock horns, it is time to order a coffin for abstract justice.

It would be much easier to settle all boundary questions if all the nations felt as pious as they did last October.

## The Washington Herald's Poet

Today Rhymes on  
**Soul of the People.**

An Editorial in Verse by EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

Soul of the people; battle's flags are furled!  
 Since war is ended, let our hot hates cease!  
 Let us turn from the warfare of the world  
 And make ourselves full worthy of our peace.  
 Is there a Hunnishness at home in us?  
 Do we applaud the riot and the rout?  
 If we look in our hearts and find them thus,  
 'Tis ours to cleanse them out.

Soul of the people! we aroused our might  
 To drag the autocrat from his mad course.  
 Shall we turn from that high resolve of right  
 And make ourselves the autocrats of Force?  
 Have we, or any of us, schemed and planned  
 Whereby some Class shall seize the people's crown?  
 If Junkerism breeds within the land,  
 'Tis ours to live it down!

Soul of the people! let us still prepare!  
 Our sword be Reason and our shield be Thought!  
 Let us not make ourselves the greedy heir  
 Of that which ruled, and ruined, those we fought.  
 Set us no Violence upon a throne  
 With ministers of malice and of hate.  
 If we are kaisers to ourselves and own,  
 Help us, to abdicate.

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NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

New York, May 14.—Consider the cucumber pickle! In some circles the cucumber pickle is known as the pickle pickle—but at any rate a death war has been declared. This fact was officially announced at a meeting of the National Pickle Packers' Association in New York.

The pickle pickers, or rather the pickle packers, for, as should say kindly these euphuistic tangles, the pickle packers say that unless the pickle pickle is exterminated the price of pickles will be about the same as the price of caviar.

The outlook for sauerkraut was also gone into, since it is also a product handled by the pickle men—pardon, pickle men—and there seemed to be a feeling that if Germany signed those papers, kept its neck clean and behaved like a little Rollo it might resume its old name of sauerkraut and put aside its nom de guerre of liberty cabbage.

The very first announcement made by President Ivan Joseph, than whom there is no more fastidious pickle packer, was that the war on the pickle pickle last year was vigorous; but, even at that, half of the Long Island pickle crop was destroyed and every home in the Bronx was saddened thereby.

Experiment stations have already been opened at Riverhead, L. I., by some big pickle men, and at Greenlawn by the Pickle Pickers—there we go again—the Pickle Packers' Association. Several cooie experts from Cornell are to invent serums that will end the life of the stupidest of cooies.

Those present at the packers' association were inclined to think the crop this year would be successful, however, and that, all things considered, the outlook was "very delicate," as Sam Bernard would say.

A pickle—er, pickle shortage would work a great hardship among the kiddies of the East Side. Dill pickles sell over there for a penny, and pickle peddlers sell them from little perambulating kegs from the curb. Thus every East Side child hopes the pickle packers project plans producing pest-polluting product—Whoa! what the—

Copeland Townsend, the hotel man, often goes back to his home town in Oconomowoc, Wis., to see the village characters. This year he arrived just as the last term of school was opening at the village school. He dropped around and a teacher in the first grade was asking the name of a new pupil.

She came to one youngster whose father was noted for his profanity, and said, "That is your name?"

"Jack Barton," was the reply.

"Do you know your a-b-c's?"

"Hell, no! I've only been here five minutes," was the astonishing reply.

She was a pretty, short-haired, long-smocked telephone operator and cooie check girl at an eating place in Greenwich village. A woman I admire very much sat near enough to the low doorway to watch her as she checked coos and hats, switched numbers on and off, and blew rings of smoke from her cork-tipped cigarettes.

"I wonder how she spends her days," the woman mused. "Does she write, or paint, or pose?"

"Just then a girl in furs, supping at one of the tables, rose, crossed the room and asked the girl, 'My dear, I've just ripped my stocking. I wonder if you have a needle and thread?'"

"I had one once," said the girl, "but I guess it's gone. You cannot keep anything around here."

"Oh, that is too bad. Is there a shop near where I could buy it?"

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WELL! AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!

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She—"I don't know. I never noticed." He—"Well, give me one, and we'll call it square."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"All I did," said the profligate, "was to take advantage of an opportunity." "Well," answered the patriot, "that's all Capt. Kidd used to do."—Boston Transcript.

"That cat!" "What did she call you?" "An animated question mark." "Dear dear!" "But I'll get even with her! That woman hasn't a respectable piece of furniture in her house."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"I understand you get off some very good things occasionally," said the sweet young thing at the swell reception. "Well, they say I do," replied the man with the monocle.

"But it takes you considerable time to do it." "You mean I am verbose." "Not exactly that; but you've been standing on the train of my dress for ten minutes."—Yonkers Statesman.

Johnny came home from Sunday school quite thrilled by the lesson. "It was all about the Midnight," he said. "The what?" asked his father. "The Midnight," repeated the boy. "The teacher told us how Gideon fought the Midnights and knocked the daylight out of 'em in no time."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Flatbush—"So this is the new baby?" Mr. Bensonhurst—"Yea, that's our new little angel." "Who does the dear take after?" "Oh, her mother." The likeness is very striking. "I can't see it." "Well, watch her awhile and you'll see she keeps her mouth going all the time without saying anything."—Yonkers Statesman.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

DON BE A GOTE OR SOMEONE WILL GIT YOU

PURELY PERSONAL

Maj. Henry F. Sawtelle, commander of the District Hospital Corps of the Rainbow Division, has been ordered to Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich., to complete the demobilization of his unit.

Lieut. Col. Emery T. Smith, field artillery, has been assigned to duty with the committee on education and special training in this city.

Col. John C. Oakes, engineers, recently returned from France, has been assigned to duty in the office of the chief of engineers, this city.

Commander Henry A. Orr, United States Navy, has been detailed to the Brazilian battleship Sao Paulo, in connection with gunnery.

Capt. Ivy A. Pelzman, Medical Corps, Camp Meade, Md., has been ordered to report for duty at Manila, Philippine Islands.

Capt. Thomas B. Myers, United States cavalry, has been relieved from duty with the Washington battalion, East Potomac Park, and assigned to the Eleventh Cavalry at Fort Myer, Va.

Miss Janet McAllister, who has been visiting in Washington, will return to Media, Pa., today.

Miss Jane McNally has returned to the city after a three-weeks' visit in New York.

Mrs. Harold Watson, who has been visiting in the city, has returned to New York.

William Andrews, formerly of the Treasury Department, has secured his discharge from the navy.

Mrs. Peter Thomas is visiting relatives in Richmond, Va.

Miss Elizabeth Leech has returned to her studies at Sweetbriar, Va.

## "SCHOOL DAYS"

Lissen to me jiss a secund!  
 Jiss lemme tell you something!  
 Jiss lemme tell you this—  
 My cousin, Roy Ballard, kin  
 take a hundred pound sack  
 o' flour with one hand an  
 hold it right out straight  
 for five minuits, holdin' me  
 up by the pants with the  
 othera at the same time!  
 That's what my cousin  
 kin do! Jiss dont figit  
 that! Jiss remember  
 that— ats all I want  
 you to do— jiss remem-  
 ber that!



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Answer me my question!  
 Can your cousin take a  
 horseshoe in his two hands  
 an pull on it as twist it up  
 into a doughnut?  
 Kin he take a iron horseshoe  
 I ast you, with his two bare  
 hands, an twist it up jiss  
 like you'd twist up a hunk  
 o' taffy like my unde Alf?  
 or can he not— I ast you—  
 can he do it or cant he?  
 Answer me that—  
 Can he or can he not?



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By DWIG

## THE PARAGRAPHER'S NEWS VIEWS.

It has been suggested that the Italian have been extremely modest in their demands—since "they do not claim Great Britain and a few other Kingdoms that were formerly—very much formerly, it is true—part of the Roman empire—savannah News.

"Anything to Beat Wilson" is a slogan that has taken so much variation that the discord nullifies the effect.—Savannah News.

"I have no place to lay my head," means former King Ludwig of Bavaria. However, he's lucky to have his head.—Detroit Free Press.

It is sad to think that the time is coming when the whole country will be as dry as the Congressional Record.—New Orleans States.

One trouble is that the Germans are more worried about the effect of the war on their purse than about its effect on their reputation.—Charleston News and Courier.

Personally, we didn't know Secretary Baker had left enough conscientious objectors in prison to raise a good-sized racket.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Hope springs eternal in the Suffolk breast. They never have but are always just going to get the sixty-fourth vote necessary to get their amendment past the Senate.—Boston Transcript.

"If these are the terms, America can go to hell," shouts Ludendorff. But we refuse, Ludy. Never again will we associate with any more Huns than we have to.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## HOROSCOPE.

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